



Poetry.

NIGHT.

BY BENJAMIN BRADSHAW.

I hear below on the pavement
The falling of panning feet,
And a ray from a stranger's lantern
Comes up from the lonely street,
And moves, like a ghost, through my chamber,
So silently and so fleet.

It is gone, and I am sitting
Alone in my darkened room;
And a gleam thro' the window's light,
Then leaves it in grief and gloom:
For I think of my boyhood's darling,
And then of her marble tomb.

The above graceful lines, written for the Ketchikan by one of our contributors, have called from another contributor of "Old Ketchikan" the following verses upon

THE NIGHT.

I hear through the dripping vine-leaves
That over the lattice lie,
The feathered minstrel's sweet
Salute the eastern sky.
As the golden unlocks the gates of day,
And the waking world rolls by.

It has passed, but the notes still linger
Upon the fragrant air;
And the gentle breeze is left behind
To teach us every where,
To welcome the dawn of Heaven's light
With the melody of prayer.

A Good Story.

LOVE AND MONEY: Or the Miser's Ward.

BY HERBERT GRHAM.

It was, the miser when he was, no miser
where—but it was somewhere and somewhere
that a young man of about five and twenty
summers' ripening, threw himself down upon
some luxurious grass that was waving under
a halcyon silver-wreathed hawthorn hedge, and
looked around him.

What was he like that thus looked? And
what did he look upon?

To begin with his own likeness. A light
classic figure, very carefully attired in a
Flemish frock, with a slashing broad-brimmed
straw hat, in all the description we shall
give of his personal paraphernalia. This hat
being very disrespectfully and regardlessly
cast on the green sward, discovered the face
which he had shadowed to be of an originally
pale complexion, baked in the sun, a high,
though somewhat receding forehead, two im-
aginative to be very judicious, and a pair
of intensely meaning eyes of English gray,
full of dark light, shining out of the midst
of a very poetical shadow which bespoke ab-
stractions, dreams, reveries, ecstasies, studies,
and the midnight lamp. A portfolio, port-
able easel, and japanned color-box, were all
shown around, from which our readers may
infer, if they please, that our hero was an ar-
tist.

Well, so he was; and there he lay, with
his intellectual eyes pouring upon a pile of
building which stood half buried and sunken
in an unobtrusive thicket, almost concealed
in its deep seclusion, but which an opening
vista partially discovered to his gaze.

"Good! good!" said the painter to him-
self; "fine—effective—most pains it. How
beautifully does that faint streak of light
break through the waving of the trees, flick-
ering, fluctuating, fluttering, dancing, like the
gambolling of a fairy over the walls! Rich
tone, deep, poetical—make a fine picture!—
How much finer is nature than imagination!
Who could have invented those thousand
variations of sun and shadow? Admirable
place—magnificent effect—splendid building
—just after my own heart!"

Now this splendid building which was just
after the artist's own heart, was neither more
nor less than old tumble-down, crazy, rickety,
tipping, tottering, shaky, wind-rocked tenement,
in which the wind, the owls, and the bats
might hold their evening promenade

concerts with no other fear than merely that
of tumbling down their there. The few
panes of glass which still inhabited their
primitive positions in the cement rocked
and rattled with great energy, but most of
the apertures intended originally for the in-
troduction of light had an embargo of mis-
shapen boards laid across them, which, while
they prevented internal seeing, might them-
selves be thought extremely snugly—at
least, in any other eyes than those of our ar-
tist; he, however, saw beauty in most grown
boards, something of the picturesque in broken
tiles, taste in prostrated elegance, elegance
in broken railings, embellishment in over-
turned, unhinged gates, adornment in the fringes
of grass festooning the broken pavement,
neatness and nicety in the benches of cloth
laid over the wounds of windows, and, in
short, everything that was delightful in the
dreary, solitary dwelling.

Actuated by this ardor of imagination, our
artist sprang to action and he sat, and, hav-
ing arranged his easel, spread out his paper,
pointed his pencil, and liquored his colors,
proceeded forthwith to draw off certain
ground lines, and lines to the point of sight
and lines for the horizon, and lines up and
lines down, and lines angular and lines ser-
pentine, and we know not what other sort of
lines, and then to dabble and splash in a sea
of sky and a river of lead, with a zeal and
energy perfectly edifying.

But while thus employed, there came hob-
bling up to him from the home-ward a cer-
tain squinting old woman, dressed in a cap
of the date of Noah before the flood, not af-
ter when the fashions changed, and a gown
of the time of Methuselah. This a picture of
the description of our artist, and he provided
a costly treasure to the inquiry, both in
natural attractiveness and artificial decora-
tiveness.

Our artist did not see the approach of this
amiable being until her shadow fell upon his
paper and her voice upon his ear.

"Master has sent me to warn you off; you
are trespassing on his grounds."

The artist lifted up his beaming eye, and
fixed it upon the old woman with a gaze of
divine admiration.

"Why, what a place have I fallen into!"
exclaimed the artist in soliloquy. "Never
was so lucky in my life; and a noble study
of a building, and such a splendid specimen
of a woman. My dear good old, pray, pray,
stand still. There now—just that attitude!
Capital! capital! I must have a sketch—
Never, never, was in such luck!"

So, leaving the portrait of the house, our
artist began with the rapidity of lightning, to
take the portrait of the woman.

"You're to go away," repeated the old
woman, in shrill accents; "master orders you
away."

"There, now, that attitude—your dear old
nose, now do stand still! That's it—just so
—nothing could be better—so natural, so un-
studied, and yet so exquisite, characteristic
and effective. I declare upon my honor I
never saw anybody that I admired so much
in my whole life. Such spirit! such vigor!
such curves! such lines! such energy! such
animation!"

"Why you're laughing at me, and pray
what do you mean by that?" exclaimed the
woman, raising her derelict arms, her
mouth falling into new angularities and
curves, and her eyes flashing fury; "pray
what do you see in me to laugh at?"

"Laugh at, my dear creature? why I ad-
mire you above all things. Now don't move
—that's a charming attitude. Stand exactly
so whilst I sketch you. So now, you dear,
enchanted, obliging creature. I declare I
don't know which of your attitudes is the
best, all the expressions are so fine!" and
the artist, taking not a moment's breathing
time, proceeded to dash off a second likeness
as fast as his fingers could move.

"Draw me—why you don't want to draw
me!"

"Draw you! yes, a dozen times! I never
saw anybody that I admired so much in my
whole life. Why, my dear creature, your
eyes, your nose, your mouth, that exquisite,
are exquisite—exquisite!"

"La! there now you don't mean so!" and
as she spoke, the ugliness of anger melted
like snow into the ugliness of vanity—la!
there now, you don't mean to say that I'm—
he! he! he!—handsome!"

"Again another change—why you're my
Iris, I declare I don't know in which of your
looks and attitudes I admire you most. Now
do stand just so—just so, only for one mo-
ment. Don't move now, you dear, good
soul, don't move. I must have you. Don't
lower your head—don't drop your arms—just
so—just so! Capital! exquisite!—you dear,
kind, beautiful, obliging creature."

And there the poor old woman did stand,
the charm of flattered vanity having worked
its full effect, trying not to move a muscle in
her willing pillory, and looking indeed, a fine
specimen of broad farce.

But the artist's sketching was doomed to
a still further interruption. Whilst his pen-
cil was flying over his paper, tracing the lines
of loveliness that stood grinning before him,
there suddenly came up a little crabbed,
crooked, joyless, querulous, discontented,
pinching, starving, ill-favored, lean, emaciat-
ed, discolored, mellowed piece of humanity,
the state of whose temper seemed to be in the
first state of decomposition, by which we
mean that his passions were in a fermentation.

"In with you, you ugly animal!" exclam-
ed the master; "didn't I send you with a mes-
sage, and why, instead of delivering it, do
you stand there staring at me like a fool?"

"Have you taken leave of your senses?
In with you, I say!"

"Ugly, indeed!" said the artist's beauty,
glancing at her new admirer; "other's don't
think so!"

"Should I have wished for your portrait
had I thought so!" said the artist; "on the
contrary, you have eternally obliged me by
suffering me to sketch you."

"The nicest gentleman I ever saw," mut-
tered the old dame as she withdrew.

The artist's soul, however, was transport-
ed with new beauties. He had transferred
his admiration from the old woman to the
old man.

"My very beau ideal!" said the artist to
himself; "just what I wanted to complete my
exhibition picture—that picture which I am
trusting to for fame; and here is exactly the
character of countenance which I so much
needed. What intense expression—that
tremulous, doubtful twitching of the muscles
round the mouth; what lines, half cunning
and half care, round the corners of his eyes,
and then the one-sided leaning of the head,
the sort of listening to fear, which marks the
attitude, the very angles of his gesture, the
twist of the neck, the stoop of the shoulder,
the bend of the head—what expression in
that head. What a lucky fellow I am to find
myself dropped into such a gallery of origi-
nals. I shall surely now complete my exhi-
bition picture to my heart's content. The
old man and the old woman are divine. Na-
ture is the best painter after all. I shall copy
her works and win something of her fame!"

But how shall I propitiate this dear, deligh-
tful, miserable, cross-grained being?—how
shall I persuade him to sit to me? He would
scold at me if I were to land his good looks,
—that card did for the old crone; but I must
shuffle the pack to find another to play with
this attractive piece of repulsion."

"I ordered the old woman to order you
off my premises!" said the little old man, in
a tone of intimidation.

"My dear sir—"

"Don't dear me!"

"I assure you—"

"I'll bring an action against you for tres-
passing. I'll have you taken up for a rogue
and a vagabond!"

"I belong to a somewhat respectable
profession, I must admit," said the painter
with an untroubled smile; "but if you have
any love for the arts, you will not despise me
for that. You know the whole district of
the muses are somewhat given to vagabond-
ing."

"The stocks! the stocks!" said the little
old man.

"I have been tempted to indulge by my ad-
miration of your seat here, sir. It would
have given me much pleasure to have finish-
ed my drawing."

"Perhaps you would like to visit me?"

"I should indeed!" responded the artist, en-
thusiastically.

"You admire me, no doubt, almost as much
as you do my dwelling!"

"More—much more!" exclaimed the
painter energetically. "There is so much
character in your face—so much expression
—so much—so much—"

"Talent!"

"I should be sorry to be accused of flattery,
or I could say a great deal."

"Then you admire me as much as you do
my dwelling. And yet, now, I dare say that
in your own heart, you think I am a tumble-
down, rickety, old place. To be sure, if it
were painted, papered and painted—"

"Oh! it would be spoiled!"

"And the windows mended, and the old
boards taken down—"

"It would be ruined—utterly ruined—lose
all its beauties—at least, in an artist's eye."

"And, perhaps, you think I am more to be
admired than the dozens of country men you
meet with every day?"

"And yet admire me?"

"More than I can express. I would give
the world I might be permitted to paint
you."

"So, so," said the little old man to him-
self, "he hears tell that I'm a rich old miser,
so he praises my tumble down place to please
me, and flatters my person though he thinks
me all the while as ugly as sin. I wonder,
now, if I could make a bargain with him."

"So you admire my place?"

"More and more every moment."

"And you would like to paint me?"

"Inexpressibly. I should esteem it the
greatest favor."

"What I for the mere love of doing it?"

"From real admiration of my subject."

"Well, now, you go a long way—you lay
it on well. I suppose you think a good dose
of flattery will put me in the humor to pay
you for painting me. I wonder if you think
I got rich—mind, I don't say I am rich—by
wasting my money on everybody that wish-
ed it?"

"I do not wish for your money."

"And yet you'd like to paint me? Now,
master painter, I'm not to be coaxed out of
a single coin, but if you'd like to paint me for
nothing—"

"I should."

"And give me the picture, I'll give you a
sitting."

"Oh! my dear sir, I wish to retain your
likeness."

"I said you were necessary—a bargain-
maker. People call me the rich old miser, but
you ought to be called the young one. Who's
to pay me for my nose and the trouble of
making a post of myself? Do you think I'm
going to give myself self limbs, and sit to be
stared at for nothing? No. If you like to
paint me and give my own picture, I don't
care if I make a bargain with you to oblige
you."

"I will paint two portraits," said the artist,
"one shall be my own, and the other the re-
compense of your portrait."

"But I shall have the time and trouble of
double sitting."

"And I of double painting."

"Well, I like to be generous, so a bargain."

"A bargain."

"And now you may follow me into the
house."

The painter rose, well satisfied with this
arrangement, and began to collect his itinerant
appendages, which motion having been ob-
served from some corner of some cracked
window in the mansion, the old lady, whom
he had flattered into favor, came forward to
assist him in carrying his tools of trade into
the house.

Our hero followed the steps of his new
friend over the broken pathway, trampling
down the interesting grass, and stepping
aside to avoid a protruding gate which was
stretched supernaturally, its full length on
the ground, degraded from the dignity of
office. The door of the crazy tenement hung
rackety and rattling, and he stepped into a
low hall blackened by time, in which the ma-
tulated members of an oak staircase that had
once been proudly carried showed that the
room was as busy above ground as below.
A floor on the right hand stood open, lead-
ing into a species of ante-chamber, too dark,
from its blocked-up windows, to allow of in-
ternal inspection. A streak of light, and his
guide conducted our hero to an opposite por-
tal, into which he blundered his way, to find
himself within the most habitable apartment
of the mansion. This room was panelled
with oak dark with age, surrounded with
curved mouldings. The fireplace, once in-
tended for the consumption of wood, was
deep and spacious, and bore the mark of wo-
man's care, being filled with an immense jar
of flowers. Over this ample fireplace there
was a deep recess filled with the carved coat
of arms of some forgotten owner of the dwell-
ing, and the same heraldic armor were paint-
ed on the sides of the opposite windows, where
deep embrasures of each room are and the
light, and gave milky shade to the whole
apartment. Some antiquarian chairs, carved
and cumbersome, the bottoms of which were
patched with diverse colors, an old buffet,
a couple of heavy tables with sculptured
lions' claws for feet, and no carpet, and no
cushions, and no anything in the shape of
luxury or ornament, completed the furniture
of the dwelling.

Nothing in the shape of ornament, said
we! Pie on us, when one of the most glori-
ous pieces of Nature's handiwork was there
—that being whom sculptors strive in vain to
mould in marble, painters in vain to dye their
canvases with her ever-varying tints, poetry to
portray with her Iris plane—woman was
there!

Our artist stepped into the room. His eye
accustomed to the practice of his art, took
in at a single glance the scene and its cap-
tivities, but rested riveted upon the being,
divine as well as human, who seemed like a
beam of the sun darted into the haze of that
obscurity. If woman would learn to dress,
let them abandon the parades of fashion, the
meretricious goddess, and take a lesson from
some such single prototype as our heroine.—
Every now and then, in some obscure and
out-of-the-way sphere, we meet with some
simple girl, who, either by happy accident or
inborn taste, displays an attire worthy of a
Greek chisel. Just such was the dress of the
young girl on whom our artist now gazed,
—a simple valueless black stuff, that yet
hung round her in folds that all Almacka
might have envied, and which, being open
at the throat, relieved the polished whiteness
of a swan-like neck with its dark hue. But
it was the attitude, the expression, the un-
studied grace, that told upon the artist even
more than the beauty of a face which a
worldling might almost as well have appreci-
ated. The rich complexion, the long glossy
curls streaming down, eyes shadowed with
their dark fringes, the white arms glancing
from under the ruffled elbow sleeves, the dim-
pled hands,—all these a man of the world
might have admired almost as much as our
intellectual artist.

"Happy stars!" said the artist to himself,
"another divinity of another class! What

a vein of lack am I in! I thought the old woman a prize, the old man a fortune, and now this dear adorable presents herself as a crowning paragon! Why, what a mine have I sprung! let me only work it well, and fame and fortune must surely follow my beck—What an exhibition picture shall I have!—See how the dim light flickers over graceful undulations of those curls—see how the soft eyes seek the ground—see how the blood mantles—see how the garment undulates—see—

But "a change came over the spirit of his dream," and the artist saw the cross-grained old man standing between himself and his vision. The expression of the miser's face was lit up with light of another kind, and developing, as it did, a new class of beauties, the artist at once changed the object of his attraction, and returned a gaze of malevolent passion with one of ardent admiration.

"The man looks at us all alike," said the miser malevolently: "art moon-struck man?"

"No, only struck with admiration," said the artist with old Barbara, who was standing with her arms full of the artist's drawing apparatus.

"Much," said the artist, with a smiling bow to the vanquished-hearted Barbara, who courtesied to the ground, ineffably delighted.

"And then with me."

"More," replied the artist, with another smiling bow.

"And now with Bertha," said the old man.

"Most," replied the artist, with a certain devotional movement of his body, and a corresponding expression in his eye, which brought the blood up even with Bertha's brow.

"Well, no more of this folly! to business! to business!" exclaimed the old man.

So to business they went. The artist erected his easel, spread out his apparatus, pointed his chalk, and squeezed out his pigment, the old woman all the while assisting to derange his arrangements with delighted officiousness, the old man looking as if he scarcely could tell whether he had made a bad or a good bargain, the young girl hovering round like a gleam of light.

At length all was arranged. The old man submitted to be twisted round and about, first on this side and then on that, his chin a little up, and his nose a little down; profile, full face, and last, then three-quarter face, and, in short, all the divisional proportions of faces were successively tried until the happy hair's breadth of effectiveness was duly ascertained, and then to his task the artist fell.

Day succeeded day, and each found the artist still at his easel; and whether he painted or not the whole scene was certainly a picture. The gloomy antique chamber, with its out-of-the-world, time-worn furniture, the light streaming through the heraldic glass-paned window, the artist at his easel in his Flemish frock, with his high imaginative forehead, his finely chiselled lip, and his intellectual eye riveted on his subject; the old man looked as cross as if he knew himself to be sustaining an injury; the young girl pretending to be cogitating with a flower, but watching every movement of the painter with absorbed attention, following every motion of his eye, and ever meeting its beam; the old woman looking as if she had a secret to keep, and glorying in its possession,—aye, the whole scene was a picture, whatever the artist might paint.

We said that the old man looked as if he suspected himself to be injured, and that the old woman had the proud look of a confidante. Well, both were right, and thereby hangs a tale. The old man was aggrieved, and the old woman an accomplice. She had gleefully entered into a plot with the painter, and this was neither more nor less than to aid and abet him in painting her young mistress whilst he was pretending to paint her old master, keeping the poor man sitting like a post or a poker, whilst he was poring and doting on the beauty of the young girl, and all the while transferring it to his canvases; the old woman carefully concealing the produce of his labor during his temporary absences, and helping him very faithfully to cheat her master, which, together, they did very effectually, entirely without the cognizance of Bertha Singleton.

Poor old gentleman! what a martyr he was, sitting chafing there, and the artist all the while making so little progress in his labors! Never was poor man more persecuted with tediousness—never did artist prove such a drone! Sitting after sitting seemed to produce no marked difference. There was only the vision of an eye, or the shadow of a nose, or the reflection of a complexion, though

hour after hour had been spent in labor.—Really, our artist must have found it very hard labor!

Oh! no; sooth to say, it turned out to be all labor of love, which everybody knows to be light indeed!

The friendly compact entered into between the painter and the old maid, Barbara, did not, of course, end with its beginning, nor was it confined within the narrow limits of one act of confederacy. The artist had, from the first moment of their acquaintance, found out the key of her heart, and could become forth unlock it at pleasure. Many confidential conversations they had together, during which she willingly disclosed to him all that she knew, and all that she did not know, respecting the singular mortal yclept her master. It appeared that he enjoyed the reputation of immense wealth, and that he was an intense miser. She told him of huge iron-bound chests all stored up in a dark chamber of the old house full of uncountable treasures, which were doomed to everlasting seclusion, and all the while he would not pay for a broken window, and even starved and pinched his household of their daily bread.—As for Bertha, she was nothing less than an angel in disguise (the artist thought not much disguised,) and the old miser would not allow her the value of a new ribbon at Easter, though his cheeks were all the while overflowing with wealth. And then, for a man of his fortune to live in that secluded place, when he might take the beautiful Bertha into a palace, a sin and a shame it was, considering that she was his own flesh and blood, though perhaps a few degrees removed. A strange thing it was that this master of hers had come from nobody knew whither, some fourteen years ago, with his chests and little Bertha, then a chubby child, and had taken up his abode in this tumble-down house which nobody else would inhabit; and by and by it would, doubtless, fall over his head, and then what good would living in a house rent free do him? And yet never was anybody so respected as her master; everybody paid court to him; everybody made him presents; his establishment was nearly supported by these voluntary contributions; one sent bushels of apples, and another sacks of potatoes; one sent hares, and another hams; pheasants one day, and fowl another; and the more ungracious the master grew the more plentiful presents came. Everybody was looking for a legacy; even she received no wages, but her father had provided in times of her at her, and when Miss Bertha would be such a match—and there was a somebody—

To all this the artist listened with eager attention. So then this humble and distant relation of the old miser was placed far above his position in life, through all her seeming poverty and privations, by the probability of her being so rich an heiress, whilst he had nothing but his pencil and imagination on which to depend for fortune, or even for life's aliment. Strange inconsistency of human consideration, when the master of this crazy tenement by the mere reputation of much-abused wealth should be thus elevated above one who was at once energetic, industrious, and talented. But so it was, and the circumstance, so far from encouraging his hopes, did much to extinguish them, for, truth to tell, the very imaginativeness and poetry of his temperament had proved but snares to him. Our artist, poor fellow, was far gone in that antediluvian disorder, love.

So of course, by that good, old, well-established rule of calumny, the more he was thwarted the more desperate grew his case. The pride which agitated him with disgust from the bare thought of mercenary motives yet urged on the deeds which they coerced. Our poor artist's feelings were like fiery steeds, at once lashed and bound by the same thongs.

Still through all this world of intense feeling our hero painted on, though dreading through his labors to approach their end.—The poor artist sighed and looked, and painted; and painted, and looked, and sighed, and was compelled perforce to come to the end of his work, after having inflicted volumes of tediousness on the patience of the much abused old man.

"Not finished yet!" exclaimed the old man, reproachfully. "Why, Master Painter, one would think that this face of mine looked more copying than the most voluminous manuscript!"

"There are as many flaws in it, and they take even more disfigurement."

"A lengthy affair it seems, but surely it is finished now!"

"To-morrow," said the artist. "I shall put in the few finishing touches to-morrow."

"Aye, and finish the whole matter," muttered the miser; there's something in this

that I don't like—painting—painting—day after day—and looking—looking—at Bertha—day after day—and never finishing—never going away," and muttering the miser left the room.

"I must leave you, Bertha!" exclaimed the artist, "and with you all the glad hopes of life. The brightness of the brief happiness I have enjoyed in being near you has blinded me to every other good of existence. Fame, fortune, aggrandisement,—these appear to me now but as vulgar toys. Obscurity and privation with you seem to me more than all the world can offer without you. I leave you with blighted hopes and prostrated desires. This world's lottery holds for me no secondary prize!"

"Then why go?" murmured Bertha, her eyes on the ground, and her cheeks flushed crimson.

"Dear tempter! suggest not a thought of happiness which I cannot buy at the price of honor. You will possess untold wealth, —I have nothing but my mind, my heart, and my hand."

"Above all price!" sighed out Bertha.

"I love you too well to injure you, generous girl!" said the artist. "If Mark Singleton forgave, I should be a mercenary; if he forgave not you would be injured."

"I care not for his wealth," said Bertha, "but I care for his feelings. Whatever he may be to others, he has been ever kind to me. He took me a beggar-baby to his bosom, and I have owed to him, ever since, my daily bread. I would not forsake him—I would not grieve him—I repeat the thought!"

Bertha and the painter both started, and the old miser stood before them.

"Finish your picture, or take it away unfinished, only begone!" said the old man.—

"Bertha, come you with me."

The artist, with a heavy sigh, proceeded to pack up his pigments. He seemed to be weakened from the happiest dream of his life, to be torn away from the most glorious vision of his imagination, to be wrenched from the best hopes of his heart. Henceforth his heretofore pleasant labors seemed to him but joyless drudgery, and the ends and desires but petty gauds. The fame which he had grasped at so hotly appeared no more than a shadow, the wealth he had coveted so strongly but base, tainted coin.

And, whilst thus preparing for departure from all that the acquaintance of a few weeks had made him most prize, the atmosphere itself seemed to sympathize with his sorrow.—The heavens grew dark, the rain poured down a deluge, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed.

In the midst of this exhibition of Nature's temper, the echo of a horse's hoof became distinguishable amid the pauses of the storm, the bustle of an arrival was heard, and in another minute's time our hero was disturbed from his gloomy contemplations.

A tall, well-formed, muscular man, enriched by about five-and-thirty years' experience of the world and its ways, with a considerable portion of what that world would have esteemed masculine beauty, entered the room abruptly, with a riding-whip in one hand, a hat drenched with rain in the other, and a coat, from which flowed a hundred little rills of trickling dew.

"Barbara! old Barbara! here, take this gear of mine, and let it be dried—that is, if the kitchen of my good friend Master Mark Singleton, boasts fire enough; if not, burn some of the old banisters, and go and tell your master that I am here and want a welcome, and fetch pretty little mistress Bertha too—I want a hospitable greeting out of such inhospitable weather—and look you, old housewife, don't look so cross—it makes you all the uglier."

The old woman cast a look of withering disapprobation on the new comer, a look of tender commiseration on her old admirer, and hobbled on her various errands.

"So, so, what have we here?" exclaimed the new comer; "a picture of Mark Singleton, by some travelling sign-post painter.—Going to put up a new house of entertainment!—the sign of the rich old miser's head, eh?"

The artist lifted up his fine eyes with an air of conscious superiority, and as if he were wholly inaccessible to any vulgar apprehension.

The new comer felt himself in the presence of a mental superior, but rebelled at the consciousness. He bit his lip, lashed his own boots with his riding-whip, and walked impatiently about the apartment.

Some little time elapsed in this fretful impatience on the part of one of the gentlemen, and painful inactivity on the other, but, at length, the old miser and the young girl came. The old man looked irritated and excited; Bertha's eyes bore traces of passionate tears.

"My good friend," said the stranger, "I have come to trespass on your well-known hospitality again. My sweet Bertha, a smile is more flattering than a tear."

"A smile at meeting, a tear at parting," murmured Bertha, and the artist thanked her with his eyes.

"Go to your chamber, Bertha," said the old man. "Master Austin, I would have speech of you, as well now as any time; please to follow me."

The old miser led the way, and the stranger followed. Taking the lamp from Barbara's hand, he proceeded along the old passage and creaking corridor, now up a few steps, and now down a few more, through the rusty, rusty intricacies of the ancient dwelling. At length, having arrived at the end of a long passage, he drew out a rusty key, and, having turned it in the lock, pushed open a heavy door, passed into an antechamber, unbarred and unopened another portal, entered, admitted his visitor, and then carefully closed himself and his guest within the dreary chamber.

In a sort of puzzled, wondering silence, Master Austin followed, and, with the same feelings throng upon his mind, now gazed around him. The solitary light but faintly dispelled the gloom of the dreary chamber, the dim discolored walls of which looked frowningly upon them; not a vestige of furniture relieved the desolation that reigned around, but webs hung flickering down from the broken ceiling, and here and there the mouldering flooring had crumbled into holes. Nevertheless, the apartment did possess a peculiar feature. It was tenanted by two or three black, iron-bound, clumsy, unsightly chests, on one of them the miser placed his lamp, and turned round to survey the countenance of his guests.

"Master Austin," said the miser, "it is time that you and I should understand each other. Whilst we are considering whether the fruit be ripe, another may step in and pluck it."

"Master Singleton," returned the visitor, casting his eye upon those all important chests, which seemed as weighty in consideration as in appearance, "I rejoice to hear the result of your final consideration of my suit. You know that I love your pretty Bertha honestly and disinterestedly, and shall only be to happy to endow her with my own name and substance."

"I am now of," said Mark Singleton, and would fain be the girl the wife of an honest man. I shall leave me to think that the reputation of wealth had gained her a husband, when he own innocent attractions had not won her a heart."

"Can you doubt my disinterestedness?" exclaimed the miser. "I, who despise filthy lucre! I, who care not for wealth! I, besides, who have none of my own?"

"Aye, there it is," replied the old man, "you have a fair estate, and ought not to covet gold with a wife."

"I despise it!—I despise it!" said the suitor; "I only wish that you had nothing, that so I might prove my eagerness of purpose."

"Then you would covet my Bertha were she a beggar?"

"As I do now."

"And what if she should never have a farthing?"

An expression of alarm passed over Austin's face.

"Nay, nay, fear not, man—fear not. All that I have, be it much, or be it little, will be Bertha's, and Bertha shall be yours. I have made up my mind early. But I will give you nothing now—nothing, I declare, not even a solitary tin of wash."

"It would be such a convenience—such a convenience," murmured the suitor.

"No, no, not a farthing. I will prove your disinterestedness—wait till I die, wait till I die—time enough then—time enough then; meantime you have enough and to spare.—You have protested a thousand times that it was Bertha, and not my gold, which you desired, Bertha you may have now, let the gold come afterwards."

The suitor looked first at the chests, and then at the old man.

"Aye, aye, look, look, weigh, weigh, they are heavy, and I am old. Now, hark you, Christopher Austin, I will not give you a coin, a farthing, a pocket-piece, whilst I am alive, but the very day on which you marry Bertha I pledge myself to bequeath to you those chests, just as they stand—too heavy for you to move—on every atom they may contain—and, in time, they hold every foot that I call my own. On your wedding day I make my will."

The eyes of the miser glared as they fastened on the sight of the ugly, iron-bound chests, and he exclaimed, "I close with your offer, my dear sir. I am wholly disinterested, as you may see."

"I do see," replied the old man, and his eyes also wore a peculiar expression.

The miser and his guest, having arranged the speedy fulfilment of their compact, returned to the usual sitting-room, where they had left the artist. He was still there, spell-bound more than weather-bound, for though the storm continued to rage, and the rain seemed to threaten to wash away, and the wind to blow away, the crazy tenement, he knew little of these meteorological facts, lingering on, in the hope of catching another glimpse of Bertha, of gaining another syllable, of uttering a few more words either of despair or consolation, he knew not which, and so still he lingered, despite the grudging hospitality which afforded him no more than an unwelcome shelter and a stay on sufferance.

But Bertha came no more, and the night waned. At length some early and grudging arrangement was entered into between the miser and his guests. The old man went to his own pillow, Christopher Austin was conducted to some apology for a bed, which Barbara unwillingly submitted to extemporise, and the artist was left to pass the night in his chair.

Now, it is one of the peculiarities of imaginative people, in some measure, to enjoy new combinations of circumstances, however comfortless they may be. It was the last time that the artist thought to behold that apartment which had been the scene of that new-born happiness which he had begged to his heart, and therefore, was every particle of its parts sanctified to his feelings. He gazed on every inanimate object, committing the very minutiae of its shape and form to memory, associating every thought with Bertha, only Bertha. Here was the chair on which she sat; these the flowers which she had gathered; here the book which she had read; there the embroidery which she had plied. To these the artist's heart wandered; but who can follow the wanderings of the heart?

The artist's lamp flickered, fluctuated, expired; it mattered little, the vision only became internal poetry, passion, imagination, the splendid things of art, all passed before him in glowing panoramas. Aye, in the solitude, darkness, silence, dreaminess, the intellectual mind still holds its feast.

The storm still raged, the old casements rattled, the wind sighed and moaned through a thousand cracks and crevices, and the decrepit house tottered, trembled, and rocked again.

But what sound was that which came shrilly mingling with the wailings and moanings of the storm? Was it the expression of human agony—the shriek of human fear—the wild anguished cry of human despair?

Our artist sprang to his feet, at once awakened from his reverie. He felt his way out of the dark chamber, penetrated through the still darker antechamber, found himself in the antiquated hall, bounded up the worm-eaten staircase, while cry upon cry both guided and goaded him on, rushed across a crazy corridor, and in fact, trod precisely the same path which the old miser and Master Christopher Austin had tracked the night before, finding himself, at last, precisely on the same spot where the two had driven the iniquitous bargain.

And here what a sight presented itself!—Those chests, the reputation of which had gained for the old man the semblance of respect on every side, both from rich and poor, were now wrenched open, and their hoarded treasures strewn over the floor. The unhappy miser, his worn body stretched across one of them, was struggling in the grasp of a ruffian, whilst another with a huge bludgeon in his hand, was apparently in the act of silencing his shrieks forever.

"Villains!" exclaimed the old man, "release me!"

"Yourself the greatest villain!" replied the ruffian, in a voice that gave like the hiss of passion from between his teeth,—"yourself the greatest villain! To live this life, to persuade the world that these chests were groaning with gold when all the while they hold but beggarly stones. We meant to ease you of your money in a gentlemanly way, without injuring you miserable body; but since you have led us into this trouble, this danger, and this disappointment, you shall die mean hypocrite, for your deceit!"

"Spare me, spare me!" exclaimed the miserable old man. "Take all I have, but spare my wretched life!"

"Why, you have nothing to take but your life, deceitful beggar, and therefore will we have that, if only to punish you justly for the trap you have laid for us. Dispatch him without more words."

"Oh! help! help!" shrieked the wretched miser.

"Thou hast not a friend in the wide world much less near enough to help you. Why,

man, the very peasants would help us to hang there on a tree for thy deception,—the very magistrates would rejoice to find the cord.—Deceitful villain, these stones are thy gold; they were thy only friends, and thou hast none other. We will brain thee with thine own sham gold—we will brain thee with thine own base wealth!" And, saying thus, the infuriated ruffian—inflamed most for being disappointed, took up one of the large stones, of which the ruffled chests seemed full, and aimed as though he would have dashed out the old man's brains.

But he was arrested in the action. A strong grasp was on his throat, and he was suddenly hurled to the other side of the room, whilst our artist followed on his advantage by wrenching the bludgeon out of the second ruffian's hand, and striking him senseless to the ground, on which the first, seeing the fate of his companion hastened to escape.

A cry of joy, such mad, wild, frenzied joy, as but seldom has rung upon mortal ear, broke from the lips of the old man.

"My deliverer! my benefactor! my saviour!" exclaimed the old miser, gasping for breath.

"But how is this? What is all this?" asked the painter.

"The ruffians they dragged me from my bed to unlock my treasures; but they were deceived; like Master Christopher Austin, they thought to impose on me, but I had been too deep for them;" and the old man chuckled with malignant exultation.

"Stones, not gold!" said the artist, looking at the contents of those far-famed chests.

"Aye, stones," said the old man. "Hark you good youth, you have saved my life, and I will pay you with candor. Hark! in thine ear, I am a beggar; thou couldst have gained nothing by marrying my Bertha. I love thee, and I am grateful in some sort, and I will own to thee my long hoarded secret, my only hoard, saving these stones; I am a beggar, but I am a shrewd man, I know the temper of the world; I could not work, I could make nothing of it, so I made my bargain with its avarice. Instead of being a poor miser, I assumed the character of a rich one. I came here where nobody knew me, my sole treasure those old chests, filled as you see, he! he! The reputation of wealth did quite as well as its possession, everybody looked for a legacy. The hope gave me a house to live in, bread to eat, a servant to wait upon me—I might have begged a dry crust in vain—and the hope of future wealth has snatched for my Bertha a rich husband—rich, though the man takes her in the hopes of more—but I have made a good bargain for her, I was too sharp for him, he! he! He'll never know how cleverly I managed, shrewd as he is, till I'm in my grave—I could almost laugh at him from thence, but hark! Aye, he can come to help me when I need him not."

And as he spoke Christopher Austin, half-dressed, Bertha hastily shawled, and old Barbara in her night gear, handsomer than ever, came rushing in.

"What's the matter, old friend?" exclaimed Bertha's sister; "what turmoil is this?"

"I might have been murdered ere you had come to help me!" returned the old man doggedly.

"And robbed!" exclaimed Austin, anxiously—"and robbed? I hope and trust you are not robbed, at least to any amount. I always said it was the maddest thing to keep such treasures in such a shake-down house.—But what have we here? Stones?" And Austin paused and looked on the old miser, and as he gazed the truth seemed to break in upon his mind. "So, so, these chests contained all you were worth in the world—they should be mine if I would wait patiently for your decease—you would secure them to me on my wedding day. Why, thou art a cheat! thou base hypocrite! thou low dissembler! thou rank impostor! thou—thou—I could murder thee myself in my just indignation—I wish those good fellows had not failed. That wouldst have trepanned me, duped me, cheated me, palmed upon me thy boggart girl for a wife. Pretty Miss Bertha, a narrow escape have I had. I leave you to dapo somebody else." And saying thus, Master Christopher Austin made his exit from the room and from our tale.

The neighborhood of the old mansion wondered after that night that no signs of life were discernible within it. No master Miser, no maid Barbara, no pretty Bertha, were seen hovering about; after a while the house was broken open, but not a trace of its inmates was discovered. This mysterious disappearance was a nine days' wonder, but at length it faded into a tradition, a tale to be told by the winter hearths of the people round. The old mansion, however, was never more inhabited.

Howbeit, in our great metropolis there dwelleth an artist who could, if he would, disclose some further particulars of the incidents connected with that old dwelling, but we suppose he is now too happy to take much trouble, for happiness, whatever may be said, is a very selfish thing. He has got a very pretty wife, and he is not yet tired of her; there sits an old man in the chimney-corner with a countenance so very smiling, that if the crooked lines of duplicity were traced upon it they must have been erased with the artist's India rubber, and those smiles are beaming on a little cherub, who is climbing his knee. An old servant called Barbara, is jealously watching the group, whilst a certain artist is busily painting a picture.

Matters in Maine.

The Poland Tragedy.

We find in the Lewiston papers a full relation of the recent murder in Poland. The Evangelist gives the following account of the parties concerned in this fearful tragedy—

Mr. Knight is a farmer, about forty, and his wife was not far from sixty years of age. So far as anything that was publicly known before this tragedy, they had lived together peaceably. Mrs. K. was the widow of an older brother of Mr. Knight, and has a large family by her former husband, all of whom are men and women grown. She had been married to Knight thirteen years. Mr. Knight has no children. He lives on a farm in Poland Corner, and has a fine farm and house, which was the property of his wife, and was left her by her first husband.

From the testimony at the examination it appeared that Mrs. Knight's throat was cut as she lay in bed with Mr. Knight's mother, a deaf old lady of 83. Two children in the house were awakened by her groans, and it was at first supposed she had committed suicide. Upon examination, however, it appeared that some person had entered the house and then escaped through an open window, leaving the prints of bloody hands upon the sill. Mr. Knight left for Gray Corner with a load of shingles on the evening before, but it appeared that he was six hours in going eight miles, and that his team was standing for some hours in a by-path near his house. When the messenger overtook him in Gray and told him that his wife had committed suicide he merely remarked that he could not believe it, and proceeded to dispose of his shingles, exhibiting no desire to return immediately home. On Wednesday it was thought proper to arrest him, and two young men sent to apprehend his escape saw him go near a fence, where was afterwards found a bloody butcher-knife. Marks of blood were found on his shirt, the cart and shingles. At his special request, though against the remonstrances of the deceased's daughters, he was permitted, under the charge of officers, to attend the funeral as a chief mourner. He participated in those solemn acts of reverence for the dead without moving a muscle of his face. The shrieks and wailings of the murdered woman's daughters are described to have been heart-rending.—He is now in jail in this city, awaiting his trial before the S. J. Court, in Lewiston, on the fourth Tuesday of January next.

Accident.

In Bethel, one day last week, Mr. Orlando Croes, foreman on repair of the Railroad, while taking a gun from his hand-car, hit it against the tools, firing it off, the charge taking effect in the fleshy part of his arm, and inflicting so severely that amputation became necessary. Mr. C. is a young man and the loss a severe one.

Adjutant General Atwood, while on his way to attend the anniversary parade of the Lewiston Light Infantry, dislocated his ankle so seriously that he will be confined to his house for many days.

Still they go.

Eight or ten young men, citizens of Foxcroft and Dover, left their homes for California on Wednesday of last week.

Owing to some villain moving the switches from their proper place on Tuesday morning, the freight train from Boston was partly thrown from the track, near the Cape Elizabeth Junction, and George Milliken, fireman, was seriously injured. \$500 reward has been offered for the detection of the scoundrel who perpetrated the act.

A likely and industrious Irishman named Keefe was drowned at Lewiston last week by falling into the river, while picking up drift wood. He leaves a wife and family.

The Dover Observer is suspended for want of patronage. The people of Piscataquis ought to sustain at least one local paper.

On Saturday some thieves entered the store of L. Pillsbury, Lewiston, and stole \$50 worth of shoes.

A portion of the operatives in the Lewiston factories having struck for the eleven hour system, have been discharged. They say they will not work twelve hours a day, and we don't blame them. There are said to be no other factories in New England, besides those at Lewiston, where twelve hours of daily labor are exacted.

One night last week some rascal entered the stable of Hon. K. Washburn, at No. Livermore, and stole a family horse, worth \$200.

Among the patents issued last week was one to Samuel C. Norcross, of Dixfield, Me., for improved adjustable stirrup for saw mill pinpen.

Hon. John Otis, of Hallowell, died suddenly at his residence in that city on Friday of last week.

Pen & Scissors.

THE OPENING.—The opening of the Grand Trunk Railway to Toronto, will take place on Monday next.

The English government has knighted Mr. Crampin, the Minister that our Government sent home.

THE LATEST IRISH RUIT.—The Irish comet, noticed last month, turned out to have been a parachute rocket.

They are talking in New York of erecting a monument to Poe, the poet.

When the Sultan of Turkey dines he sits down to 70 dishes, but then he only takes a mouthful of each that may take his fancy.

Spain is fitting out a formidable fleet at Havana to enforce her claims against Mexico.

San Francisco is the paradise of servant girls—they get \$40 per month and wear velvet dresses, \$50 bonnets, gold chains and big cameos!

ANOTHER MINISTER DRIVEN OUT.—Rev. Mr. Malcolm has been dismissed by his church (Baptist) in Wheeling, Va., on account of "abolition sentiments."

A PROFITABLE OYSTER.—A young man in Syracuse, eating oysters, found in one a pearl worth from ten to forty dollars.

It is calculated that at the rate McCauley proceeds with his history he must live a century and a half to finish it!

A censorship of the press is about being established in Spain. Indeed, in no European country, except England, is the press unchecked.

Smelt fishing is now the great amusement in Boston. Four gentlemen on Friday caught in six and a half hours, with poles and line one hundred and eighty dozen and four smelts—being 2164 fish!

In Evansville, N. Y., a man drove down to the railroad station, for the purpose of accustoming his horse to the locomotive whistle. At the first scream the horse fell down dead in his tracks, the victim of a mortal fright.

The weather-wise are predicting a mild autumn and an open winter, because when the sun crossed the equinox the wind set from the Southeast, and gave us a warm storm.

Mrs. ROBINSON ON KANSAS.—Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co. have in press a new work on Kansas by the talented Mrs. Robinson, wife of the Free State Governor. It gives a vivid picture of life in Kansas.

SOME PUMPKINS.—In the yard of Wm. H. H. Lyman of Brimfield, Mass., may be seen the products from two pumpkin seeds, this season, as follows: 536 feet of vine and 13 pumpkins weighing 220 pounds.

A gentleman in Oporto has been astonishing the natives by walking on the river! He attached to his feet two large boat-fashioned shoes of tin, and thus prepared, accomplished in safety a rather long "tramp" on the waters of the Douro!

In a dwelling house in Varick street, New York, a cooking stove exploded, knocking out two front windows. A hopeful son of the family had stored black cartridges in the oven!

FATAL TERTRILOQUISM.—Benjamin F. Gearhart, pastor of the Wrightsville, Pa., Methodist church, imitated a wild turkey so well that one of his trusting companions shot him, by mistake, for one of those birds, and wounded him fatally.

WHOLESALE APPREHENSION.—Within eight years the East India Company has annexed territories exceeding 200,000 square miles, with a population of more than seventeen millions! This is filibustering on a large scale.

A bear weighing 457 pounds was killed in Chatham, N. H., on Monday last.

The number of patents issued in 1855 was 2024, more than twice the number granted ten years ago.

The number of scholars attending the Boston public schools is 23,749, and the average cost of educating them is \$14.41 for each scholar per annum.

The first snow of the season fell at the White Mountains on Monday evening last.—It has not held off so long for quite a number of years.

In Sweden none but ladies of a certain degree are permitted to wear bonnets! Such a law would apparently well suit some of our ladies, who seem to be very anxious to leave their bonnets behind them!

Russia comes to the rescue of King Bomba, and is quite loud in her talk. She apparently don't know that she has been whipped.

WHAT THEY WANT.—Rev. T. W. Higginson writes from Leavenworth, K. T., that one of the leading Ruffians said—"By —, I wish that the Abolitionists would just kill one or two of our men, modern men, you know, not good for much, but just enough to let us claim them as ours—anything to give us a handle."

SUNDAY SERVICES.—A change in the hours of commencing Sunday services has been adopted by the churches in Boston which it would be well for our churches also to adopt. Afternoon service during the winter, will commence at three o'clock, precisely, and during the summer months at four o'clock, P. M.—thus avoiding the hours of intensest heat.

A LONG TIME AT THE NEEDLE.—A correspondent of the New Bedford Standard cites an unusual instance of enduring activity in the case of Mr. Hardy Bush of Fairhaven, who sixty-four years ago assisted in making sails for the barque Maria, of New Bedford, and who a few days since, at eighty-one years of age, was again at work on the sails of the same barque Maria.

ANOTHER BADLY INVENTING.—The Albany Times states that a pistol has been invented in that city, which will be ninety times per minute, carry a ball forty yards further than any pistol now in use, and that it is also much lighter, and in every respect superior to Colt's celebrated pistols.

Slaves in 1852, the United States or Georgia, North Carolina, as far as indicated by the mint returns, are \$4,203,335, and of Georgia \$5,685,894; total \$9,929,100; and the aggregate expense of maintaining them \$22,000 annually, or about \$400,000 for the whole period.

A FEMALE CHURCH.—In Northampton Co., Va., there is a Presbyterian church composed entirely of ladies. They are twenty-two in number. There is not a single male member among them; and of course, as they can have no eldership, they are not properly an organized church; but the ladies, hoping almost against hope, have persevered in their sisterhood, and they have actually increased in numbers, more than any churches with a settled pastor.

William B. Smith, charged with killing his own son, has been convicted of manslaughter in the first degree by the Circuit Court of Tiptah county, Miss., and sentenced to a term of fifty years in the State Prison. Smith is now over seventy years of age, and will, according to the "higher laws" of nature, be reprieved by death before the expiration of fifty years.

MELANCHOLY DESPERATION.—At Ballinrobe, Galway county, Ireland, the wife of a farmer named Magrath, left her two little children while she went to bring a kettle of hot water to scald the churn she was about to use for making butter. The eldest child meantime forced the bag into the churn, and the mother unwittingly added it to death.—Rendered frantic by the discovery, she threw a stool at the other child, which killed it, and then drowned herself.

A "FAST" MAN.—The Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer says there is a man in that city who smokes, chews and drinks to the following tune: 244 gallons brandy drunk, one mile seven-eighths of tobacco chewed, and three and a half miles of cigars smoked in one year. Rather a hard case.

AN INDIAN TRIBE IN LUCK.—A Council Bluffs paper says the Omaha Indians have returned from their summer hunt, having captured from six to eight hundred buffaloes during their absence. They have now on hand 6000 bushels of corn, 200 squashes, pumpkins, potatoes, &c. The tribe numbers about 807 souls.

How THEY VOTE IN KANSAS.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Leavenworth, K. T., thus describes the doings at the polls during the recent election—

As for the voting, nothing can be more free and easy. Strangers are pressed to take a share in it, as if it were something to drink. Nothing is necessary except to hand in a ticket, at a small office window, and announce one's name. No questions appear to be asked. I was urged to do this by bystanders, in spite of my assurance that I was merely a traveller—not a resident; they assured me it made no difference. I saw the same persuasions succeed with persons who obviously did not come in for the purpose. But many openly proclaimed that as the only object of their visit, and coolly debated the most available points to throw pro-slavery votes—just as a knot of country merchants might debate whether to go to New York or Boston for their purchases.

SINGULAR PUNISHMENT.—The Chinese are remarkable for the grotesque cruelty of their punishments. There have been instances of their putting criminals to death by depriving them of sleep, and their ordinary mode of decapitating prisoners has many disgusting features. The Chinese Repository tells of a strange kind of death punishment which was inflicted on a criminal who had committed a dreadful murder. He was wound with cotton, saturated with tallow, places being left for him to breathe. He was then dipped like a monster candle, until he presented a mass of tallow. In this way he was stuck up on his father's grave, lighted, and kept burning until his body was consumed by slow degrees.

MARRIED GENTLEMEN.—Punch is wicked enough to print the following paragraph under the head of "Social Statistics:"

Thirteen married gentlemen, who, within the last week or so, have been convicted of having smoked in their own dining rooms, have been severally fined a new bonnet, and, in default, have been committed to the hard labor of taking out their wives for an afternoon's shopping.

MORE PERSECUTION OF EMIGRANTS.—Two hundred and fifty emigrants, including women and children, were arrested in Kansas, near the Nebraska line, 10th inst., by Deputy Marshal Preston, with 700 troops and six pieces of cannon. They had the permission of Gov. Geary to enter Kansas with the ordinary arms of emigrants, yet they were made prisoners, their baggage searched and their arms, wagons, animals and provisions seized. Not a single emigrant has yet been arrested by Gov. Geary.

CHRISTIANITY IN TURKEY.—It seems that notwithstanding the opposition of the fanatical Turks, religious toleration in Turkey is proving a reality. Since it was established 106 Christian churches have been repaired, or constructed. The Sultan alone contributed \$5000 for one building in the Island of Candia, and in fact, everything is done by his government and himself, to conciliate his subjects, and improve the condition of the empire. Such toleration as this might advantageously be imitated in most of the Christian countries of Europe.

A TREMENDOUS VOTE.—The vote at the recent election in Philadelphia was enormous—footing up 68,632, a larger vote than was ever thrown by the more populous city of New York, and an increase of 12,850 over the vote in Philadelphia last spring. These facts have caused a suspicion of fraudulent voting, and steps have been taken to contest the election.

THE SEASON.—There was snow on the highlands in Virginia last week, a sprinkling at Richmond, and enough to make the house-tops white at Charlottesville and Weldon, N. C. We believe that we, away down east here, are enjoying the finest weather in the country—delightful mild, Indian Summer days.

A VENERABLE PRINTER.—Mr. Henry Barber who died recently at Newport, R. I., aged 76, had worked as a compositor in the office of the Newport Mercury sixty-five years! He was regularly at the case until two weeks before his death, and never wore glasses of any kind. He was never in his life further than five miles from home, and had never seen a railroad or a locomotive!

A law among the Arabs permits a man to divorce any of his wives who do not make him good bread. If such a law were in force in this country how few wives would remain in their homes!

Lively times for politicians of late.—As the contest grows close, the excitement increases. Keep cool until the November election, and then we shall know who's President.

Poetry.

A BEAUTIFUL SONG.

O ripe and early autumn, now
Thou givest once again
A rich reward to anxious man
For all his toil and pain;
Thou art a queen, a chaste queen,
Among the golden trees,
For lovely lighting and summer bright
Are handmaids unto thee;
Bright royalty, with lavish hand
Thou givest of o'erhill and plain
The famous symbols that proclaim
The taste of thy reign.

O, gentle, beautiful autumn queen,
Sweet daughter of the sun,
Effulgently thou tread'st the path
His burning sunsets run;
Thou lay'st thy magic wand upon
The green and tender grain;
And fallow'd harvest gladdens earth
With smiling fields again;
The hoary that buds with golden fruit,
The purple-clustered vine,
O, ripe and ruddy autumn queen,
Art thou and only thine.

O, blessed and blessing autumn queen,
Charm'd minister from above
To give the nation bread of earth
With jewels of God's love;
The green hillsides are gild with glees—
The valleys swell with song—
The everling mountain-tops
The autumn peaks prolong;
And all the kindred of mankind,
In one great jubilee strain,
Sing praise to Him who bade thee fill
Their garners once again.—*Alfred Knapp.*

VIRGIL.

BY GEORGE HARRIS—1826.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rub red gaiter wipe his eye;
Thy soul is in the grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shows a future close;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Original Articles.

For the Portland Transcript and Eclectic.

A RIDE.

MR. EDITOR:—I have just ventured out on a ride. Not one of your furious, railroad driven, but a genuine ride after a good steady horse. We old people take but little pleasure in car travelling, for the plain reason that we can see nothing. It is the Indian Summer in October, the most fitting time for old people to travel, reminded as they are at every step of the Autumn of life. Suppose we leave the cars at Bethel and take a ride down the Androscoggin to Dixfield, and thence across to the head waters of Sandy River. Leaving the Village at Bethel Hill, which has been frequently noticed by your correspondents, we crossed over the Androscoggin River, and passing through the little village on the opposite side, we were immediately presented with one of those grand displays of the American forest. Never have I seen such gorgeous coloring. The red maples looked like pyramids of fire, the white maples too were like so many golden clouds. What a scene is now before me, such an one as but few artists ever saw. At a short distance the Androscoggin flows lazily along with its somewhat swollen waters; beyond is a rich interval covered with its deep carpet of green, beyond this is a grove of pines whose dark green tops contrast beautifully with the multi-colored hues of the hardwood forest still further up the slope; while beyond all these, towers one of the many mountains in this vicinity. How many times I have stopped the old horse to look at a maple tree after it has been struck by a slight frost. On one side is a fiery red, on the other a glowing yellow with all the intermediate shades produced as complements of these colors. Beneath their leaves are patches of living green unaffected as yet by the frost.

But I must hasten on. Passing by some noble farms and farm-houses which show evidence of good taste and intelligence, I soon find my way over Sandy and Bear Rivers. The recent frost had left drift wood, corn and pumpkins scattered over the intervals in strange proximity. But I must stop to describe another scene, such as but few ever saw. It is now past sunset. Dark shadows appear on the sides of the mountains. Above all is a cloud of a deep red color. By some law of optics hardly clear to myself, its red-

ness is reflected down the mountain slope for a long distance, causing the forest to appear as if a dull lurid flame was just bursting from the tree-tops. It was a grand display such as I never witnessed before. But I must proceed. The path through Ramford, near to the falls where the water plunges down a distance of eighty feet in the wildest manner. It is not generally known that by a trifling outlay, steamboats can run from Ramford Falls to Shalburne, and the time may come when Bethel may become a port of entry.

Crossing the river here, I rode down to Dixfield, where I again crossed, and found myself in a thriving village situated on Ellis River, which contains a fine water power, and appeared to be pretty well improved. After dressing down to inner part of man and beast, I thought I would enjoy a moonlight ride up Ellis River. Starting at nine o'clock in the evening, I passed fine farm houses and fields over a beautiful road. Near by ran a meadow very abrupt which seemed like a watch tower peering above the adjacent hills. Leaving the river, I turned farther to the North East. The road passes through dense woods, where by the light of the moon I could see bear every few rods in the bushes, or, at best, thought I could see him. In this way I rode several miles till my ear caught the sound of a waterfall. This was a pleasant relief from the sight and sound of bears. Emerging from the forest I found myself in the little Village of Weld, where I found a public house for the night.

Wishing to enjoy the morning air, I started again at six and headed my course towards Phillips. At my left is one of those beautiful ponds which add so much to the mountain autumn scenery. Riding along I was frequently saluted by a partridge which had ventured out to the road-side for her breakfast. Here I had myself on an entirely different route from that usually taken by tourists in this region. Instead of passing up Sandy River, and having "Old Blue" as he is called in this vicinity, on my left, I find myself on his Northside. He is a fine old fellow. Mr. Abram begins to show itself, and I all at once enter the pleasant Village of Phillips, situated on the Sandy River. It so happened that the North Franklin Agricultural Society was holding its meeting on that day, and promised to see what was to be seen, I went to a Town House where were exhibited a variety of articles manifesting much industry and good taste, especially on the part of the ladies. The whole affair was a model show. There was such a degree of promptness, such order and decorum, that it did one good, especially an old man, to look at them. A procession was formed under the direction of the Marshal who was cut out for a General, for with remarkable velocity he arranged a large procession four deep and marched through the streets to the neighboring Church, where a capital address was given by a young man, but who evinced some knowledge of what he was saying. Some capital songs were sung. Reports of committees met, when the procession returned to the public house to do justice to an ample dinner there provided.

The Teachers Institute was held here and was quite successful. There is also a flourishing High School of over one hundred scholars. An academy is much needed here. This is a fine agricultural town, and the inhabitants are moral and intelligent. Among them was one whom I met more than forty years ago. He told me that he was now living with his last wife, and I admired his philosophy and misfortune; when people told him how unfortunate he had been in his wives, "No," said he "I have been most fortunate. I have had three wives, and they have all been most excellent women."

One fact has presented itself to me in travelling over Maine and which will relieve the surprise that may have in visiting this State. A little more than thirty years ago, the State was almost literally burned over, and exhibited but one even blackened surface. Since that time the old rubbish has decayed, and a new forest has sprung up, affording those beautiful landscapes all over the State, where they never before existed. To us aged people it is pleasant to contemplate the change.

After having visited some of my nephews and nieces on the way, I found my way home to house up for winter, where it is most congenial for all old people to be during this season of the year. UNCLE FELIX.

Interesting Sketch.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTIONIST.

The Rev. J. J. Roberts, Missionary at Canton, has transmitted to Putnam's Magazine an interesting account of the chief leader of the present revolutionary movement in China. The account is so interesting that we shall endeavor to reduce it to newspaper dimensions.

Hung is the family name of this interesting character—Sow Tsuen, his literary appellation—corresponding to our Christian name, meaning "elegant and perfect." He was born in a little village of some four hundred inhabitants about thirty miles northwest of Canton. At the age of seven he was sent to school where he developed an extraordinary capacity for study. By the time he was eleven years old he was well versed in Chinese literature. When sixteen years of age, the property of his family did not permit him to continue his studies; but, like other youths of the village, who were not students, he assisted in the field labor. His relations and friends, however, regretted that his talents should be wasted upon mere manual labor, and therefore, they engaged him as teacher in their own village, where an opportunity was afforded him quietly to continue his literary pursuits.

At the first public examination of Canton he was "plucked"—the fate of many geniuses, it would seem, and although he was ranked as a promising scholar did not succeed in obtaining the first degree. In 1836 when he again visited Canton, a remarkable person presented him with a work in nine small volumes, entitled "Good Words Exhorting the Age," which after a superficial glance at their contents Hung placed in his book case without reading. And now comes the mysterious part of this singular history. Shortly after receiving these books—as we are informed by the good missionary, Hung had when lying sick in bed, a vision of a man venerable in years, with a golden beard and dressed in a black robe, who addressed him in some mysterious words. At the same time the stranger presented Sow-Tsuen with a sword, commanding him to exterminate the demons, but to spare his brothers and sisters. The old man said, "Take thee courage and do the work; I will assist thee in every difficulty."

The sickness and visions of Sow-Tsuen continued about forty days, and in these visions he often met with a man of middle age, whom he called his elder brother, who instructed him how to act, accompanied him upon his wanderings to the uttermost regions in search of evil spirits, and assisted him in slaying and exterminating them. He also heard the venerable one reprove Confucius for having omitted in his books clearly to expound the true doctrine. Confucius seemed much ashamed, and confessed his guilt.

The appearance of these mysterious visions sounds like an episode in one of the Ravel's pantomimes; but six years afterwards Hung was greatly astonished to find in these books the key to his own visions, which he had during his sickness, six years before. He found their contents to correspond in a remarkable manner with what he had seen and heard at that time. He now understood the venerable one who sat upon the highest place, and whom all men ought to worship, to be God, the heavenly Father; and the man of middle age, who had instructed him and assisted him in exterminating the demons, to be Jesus, Saviour of the world. The demons were the idols, his brothers and sisters were the men and women in the world. Sow-Tsuen now felt as awaking from a long dream. He rejoiced to have found in reality a way to heaven, and sure hope of everlasting life and happiness. Upon his return home from Waterbury, he soon converted two of his intimate friends to his views, namely, Fung Yee-San, the present southern king, and Hung-Jin, who gave the main particulars of this information.

The two friends, Sow-Tsuen Hung and Young San, owing to these revelations, renounced idolatry, removed the tablet of Confucius from their school-room, and were thrown out of employment. The next three years they passed in travel or at their native village, preaching the new faith and securing new converts to the new doctrine. In 1847, Hung presented himself at the missionary station, and after some months of religious instruction near Canton, was thoroughly examined by a committee, and was at the point of being received into the Christian Church by baptism, when, in the words of the Rev. Mr. Roberts, the moderator observed to him:

"There is no certain employment, nor pecuniary emolument connected with becoming

a member of the church; we ought not to do so from sinister motives." Then, said he, "I know not what will become of me, I am poor, I have no living, and by joining the church shall be thrown out of employment." Here the process staid—he hesitated to join without an assurance. The baptism was postponed indefinitely, and I saw him no more. Nor did I know what had become of him, until informed in 1852, through the report of Hung-Jin, that he was the leader of the great revolutionary movement which commenced in Kwang-Si. The report was confirmed when the English steamer, *Hermes*, went up to Nankin, in the spring of 1853; since then his high position and public movements have excited intense interest, not only in the writer, but throughout Christendom.

Notwithstanding his disappointment of receiving baptism, Hung continued his apostleship, preaching the gospel and reading the scriptures from place to place. He left his native village for the last time in June 1849—and we now make use of the words of the narrative—and he sent for his family—wife and three children, with other relations—in June, 1850. The difficulties soon after commenced. Fighting began in September following. The first battle in which the disciples were engaged, was at a place called Kum-Tien, 'Gold field,' the first place of which Sow-Tsuen took possession was an opulent market town, where Wang, their chief persecutor, resided. The second was a large village, called Shai-Tsuen, which had caused the death of a chief about to join Hung's army.

In the autumn of 1851, he again raised his camp, and marched upon the city of Kwang-Si, which he entered, taking possession of the treasury and public granaries. Hung Sow-Tsuen was here unanimously declared Emperor of the new dynasty, called, *Tao-Ping T'peen Kooch*—"Great Tranquillity," "Heaven's Kingdom"—assuming as his own title, *Tao-Ping Wang*—"King of Great Tranquillity," or "Prince of Peace."

IGNORANCE AND LOW WAGES.

What asses men are to be ignorant, even in a financial point of view. A blockhead can get but six shillings a day in any market in the world; men of intelligence often make as many dollars. A man who can't write, is as much a slave as if he had been born a brute. He is doomed to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water all the days of his life. Drudge! drudge! drudge! is all that is in store for him should he continue on the earth for a century. Educate your children, therefore, not only for their happiness, but their dignity. All can see that wickedness leads to misery; yet very few find out that which is equally certain, that ignorance leads to misery and misery to wretchedness. Dr. Johnson was once asked, "Who was the most miserable man?" and the reply of a sage was, "The man who cannot read on a rainy day." The writer was once passing through a park, and saw nailed to one of the trees, this warning: "All dogs found in this park will be shot." A friend who was with us remarked, "Unless dogs can read, they are pretty badly off here." Now, God has not only written his laws upon the trees, but on the stars and in the flowers; his laws are also in us and beneath, on our right hand and on our left, and if a man is not able to make his "pretty badly off here?"—worse off than the dog, for the dog has a master to read him; but man has no master to read him and his God. The consequence is, he is tripped by cunning at every corner. He is taken in and done for by the spring-gun devilry and the man-traps of ungodliness, and he can do as to flounder and bear. He is even worse off than the wicked, for they may hope, but for the ignorant man there is no hope. He is sentenced to hard labor in the term of his natural life, and all the planning power in the world cannot prevent.

THE ROYAL LONGFELLOW.—Longfellow presents the spectacle of a man of most delicate poetic gift, and rich and varied culture, devoting himself to topics that go straight to the common heart, and handling them with a child-like simplicity, which in conjunction with so much delicacy, is almost without a parallel in the history of literature. For him no audience is too refined, none too uncultivated. The "Psalm of Life" is as simple as Dr. Watts, as graceful as Campbell, and the same may be said of "Evangeline." We have in Longfellow a finished master of "the accomplishment of verse" who uses his gift as plumes wing the beneficent shaft of song to the highest and humblest heart alike, and not to speak mystical chant out of sight into cloud land. Nor is this all. With Longfellow in descent is not to grovel; his gift cleanses common things as it touches them; if he walks the dear old earth with the rest of us, the shining wings of his genius do not trail on the ground; if he speaks a simple language, he means what is both holy and

high, so that our hearts burn within us by the way as he talks. What mourning hearts have been soothed—what trembling spirits strengthened—what hesitating spirits charged with holy courage for the conflict of duty, by his sweet potent words! Those who have never directed their thoughts to the subject, have no adequate idea of the extent to which the works of this great and good American have helped to mould middle-class thought and feeling in Great Britain.—*London Despatch.*

FACTS AND HINTS.

THE Friends were originally called Seekers, from their seeking for the truth. The name of Quakers was given them by one of their prominent men, because Fox, (the founder) admonished him and those present with him, to tremble at the word of the Lord.

THE original Sabbath in England, as established in A. C. 950, commenced on Saturday at three o'clock, and lasted till day-break on Monday. In the reign of James I., 1606, a fine of one shilling was imposed by act of parliament, on every person absent from church on Sunday.

When the Russians desire to keep fish perfectly fresh, to be carried a long journey in a hot climate, they dip them into hot beeswax, which acts like an airtight covering. In this way they are taken to Malta, perfectly sweet, even in the summer.

THE first grist mill ever erected in Pennsylvania, is yet in existence. It is a quaint old stone building, and bears date about 1686. It is located on a small stream near Germantown, and some of the original machinery imported from England, is still retained in the mill.

TRUE DIGNITY.—The day-laborer, who earns with horny hand and the sweat of his brow, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised, by his generous motive, to true dignity; and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves elevated by wealth from serving others.—*Channing.*

It is a curious circumstance that a *bona fide* magnifying glass, identified by Sir Edward Brewster as decidedly and designedly such, was found by Mr. Layard in one of the temples of Nineveh. Mr. Layard says that many of the cuneiform inscriptions and other smaller sculptures are so delicately cut and so minute, as to be almost unintelligible without a magnifying glass.

THE following are the dimensions of some of the largest steamers in the world:—The Great Western, 336 feet long, 25 broad; Great Britain, 322 feet long, 51 broad; Himalaya, 350 feet long, 43 broad; Persia 390 feet long, 45 broad; Vanderbilt, 335 feet long, 45 feet broad; Adriatic, 324 feet long, 50 broad. The Great Eastern, now being built under the direction of Mr. Brunel, is more than twice the size of the largest of these.

POETS ARE NOT HOUSES.—"I was amused," says the biographer of Montgomery, "with the poet's statement to the effect, that the house in which Moore was born is now a whiskey-shop; that Burns' native cottage is a public house; Shelley's house at Great Marlow, a beer-shop; the spot where Scott was born occupied by a building used for a similar purpose; and even Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey, the very house in which the poet composed the sweet 'Ode to the Nightingale,' is now an ordinary beer-house."

AN AUSTRIAN KNOW NOTHING BREWED.—A characteristic anecdote of the Austrian Emperor is related in Berlin. At the recent meeting of the Emperor and the King of Prussia, at Toplitz, the latter presented to the Austrian monarch, among other eminent personages, Alexander von Humboldt, whereupon Francis Joseph, in a drawing room, inquired of his 'royal cousin,' 'Who is this Humboldt?' The Prussian King, incensed at this specimen of Hapsburg's imbecility, replied, emphasizing the words, 'He is the greatest man since the flood.'

THE *amende honorable* originally had an entirely different significance from the sense in which it is now used. It was first inflicted in France on traitors and persons guilty of sacrilege. This was the mode of procedure.—The offender was delivered into the hands of the hangman, his shirt was stripped off, a rope put about his neck, and a taper in his hand; he was then led into court and obliged to pray pardon of God, the king and the country. Death or banishment sometimes followed.

"Can you give me two halves for a dollar?" inquired a loafer at a retail store. "Certainly, sir," said the accommodating clerk, placing the two halves on the counter. "Tomorrow I'll hand you a dollar," said the loafer, as he pocketed the halves.

Miscellany.

WHAT IS SAID OF MUSIC.

SELECT PASSAGES.

I am no musician, and want a good ear, and yet I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. It touches chords, reaches depths in the soul which lie beyond all other influences; extends my consciousness, and has sometimes given me pleasure which I have found in nothing else. Nothing in my experience is more mysterious, more inexplicable. An instinct has always led me to transfer it to heaven; and I suspect the Christian under its power, has often attained to a singular consciousness of his immortality.—*Channing.*

Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in without injury to their moral or religious feelings.—*Addison.*

Wonderful is the power of music! It is the heart's own language, and speaks to it in a voice of irresistible persuasion. It is a good gift from Heaven, and should ever be used in a good cause.—*T. S. Arthur.*

Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, when reproached by Fabel, afterwards bishop of Vicenza, for cultivating music, said, "Thou dost not know my dear Fabel, what music is. I love to play a little upon the lute, the violin and other instruments. Ah, if thou couldst only feel the tones of the celestial lute, the evil spirit of ambition, and the love of riches which possess thee, would then quickly depart from thee."

Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.—*Chrysostom.*

Music not only improves a man's tastes, but his morals. It gives him a taste for home and amiable habits wonderfully. The man who spends his evenings with a piano, is seldom seen in dram shops, and never with night brawlers. We believe in music, and candidly think that one flute will do as much towards driving rowdiness out of a neighborhood as four policemen and a bull-dog.—*Amos.*

Music is the art of the Prophet; it is the only art which can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight.—*Martin Luther.*

Amongst the instrumentalities of love and peace, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more effective voice than that of gentle-peace-breathing music.—*Eliza Burritt.*

Had I children, my utmost endeavors should be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor ever thought of music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, madam, my aim would be to make them happy. I think it the most probable method.—It is a resource which will last them their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends upon themselves, not on others: always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures is the cheapest. It is capable of fun, without the danger of criticism—is susceptible of enthusiasm without being pre-occupied; and, unlike other mortal passions, is sure of being gratified in Heaven.—*Horace Walpole.*

Nothing can inspire in me a deeper feeling of devotion than sacred music. To hear the plaintive overture of the choir, and the organ, the stream of melody which seems to roll from the galleries, and to dissolve as it flows, into a kind of atmosphere above the aisles—is soothing and subduing. It banishes every low thought, care, and gives us "such glimpses of Heaven as saints have in dreams."—*Willis Gayland Clarke.*

The ancients pretended that nations were civilized by music, and this allegory has a deep meaning: for we must always suppose that the bond of society was formed either by sympathy or interest, and certainly the first origin is more noble than the second.—*Mad. de Staël.*

Talbot, the celebrated Professor of Law in Heidelberg, relates that a young man, his guest, who had listened to a composition of Lotfi, exclaimed when he left his house, "Oh, this evening I could do no harm to my greatest enemy."

Music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy.—*Sidney Smith.*

What is more deeply interwoven with the sympathies of human nature than music?—What will more touchingly express the feeling of joy or sorrow, hope or melancholy?—Melancholy forgets to sigh or weep as solemn chords sweep gently over its sea of troubles. What joy complete without its all-enveloping strains? What warrior nerve without its thrilling blast? What church so lowly, and what service so devout, as that where the swelling choral and the organ peal mingle

with the voice of thanksgiving and prayer.—*A. Clarke.*

With ardent love, I have striven, from early youth to make music my own. It has become to me a companion and comforter through life; it has become more and more invaluable to me; the more I learned to comprehend and appreciate its boundless exuberance of ideas, its inexhaustible fullness, the more intimately its poetry was interwoven with my whole being.—*George, crown prince of Hanover.*

Every human feeling is greater than the exciting cause; a proof that man is designed for a higher state of existence; and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression.—*Coleridge.*

Were I to proceed to tell you how much I enjoy their architecture, sculpture, painting and music, I should want words. It is in these arts they shine. The last of them particularly, is an enjoyment, the deprivation of which with us cannot be calculated, I am almost ready to say, the only thing which from my heart I envy them, and which, in spite of all the authority of the Decalogue, I do covet.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

THE POETRY OF FEET.

We do not like a foot too small for the height any more than we like one too large. A small foot indicates coquetry. Cleopatra's foot must have been small and finely arched, or she would never have done as described by Enobarbus.

"I saw her once
Hop dainty paces through the public street."
No woman ever did or would have done the like but with the consciousness of great perfection in the feet. Ashby sends her pearls, saying:

"The Arm Roman great Egypt sends
This treasure of her power, at whose feet,
To meet the petty power, I will place
Her pulchre throne with diadems."

No man shudders at a woman's foot, in any way, if he loves her, unless it be beautiful. Hermione, on the contrary, had a firm, well-proportioned foot, betokening majesty. When she enters the statue room we are sure she had a well-sized foot.

"Oh! royal place,
There's magic in thy majesty."

is the explanation of Leonides. A woman will never enact the part of a statue if conscious of an ill-shaped foot, unless her intellectuality may have perverted her instincts, as in the case of Madame de Staël, who at one time paraded in this way; and Talleyrand, if we are not offended by her, past history, by saying he knew who it was, by the poetical pedestal—a terrible pun where the feet and ankles are ill shaped. Desdemona, Ophelia and Cordelia, must have had long, slender feet, which go more with sentiment than with magnanimity or genius. Miranda, on the contrary, had elegantly proportioned feet, worthy the chaste Diana herself. Then, too, Kate—faintly Kate—the sharp shrew, the pretty vixen, had a little arched foot, graceful and elastic as the spring of the tiger's. When Penicelli says, "Why does the world report that Kate does limp?" it was a delicate commendation of her foot; still more when he says,

"Did ever this become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?"
Tennyson took a delicate eye for a foot when he represents Ida in this wise:

"She stood
Among her maidens, lighter by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her feet on one
Of those low steps, like a kitten-like he rolled
And pawed about her sandals."

And again, describing the retinue of the princess climbing the rock in pursuit of minerals, he says,

"Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
In the dark rock."

Women with large feet never like to climb the hills. The sentiment of beauty is less in the size than a certain firmness and elasticity. "Light as a fawn," "fleet as the greyhound," "with a step like a stag," are all pretty phrases, indicating the character of the foot, which is the index to the whole woman. Dress has a great effect upon the foot, and we thus very long dresses demoralize it. The long robe crushes destroys its elasticity.—We like to see the foot

"I see the foot
Peep out and in like little mice,
Which with the light."

That was very pretty in a lover who saw his mistress bathing her feet in a brook, and wrote her,

"No need to put thy feet
Naked in the water, sweet;
For thou hast, now or then,
Will draw a comb where thou hast trod."

The French foot is meagre, narrow and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly curved, thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; a "stream can run under the hollow of his foot," is a description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and

thick—flat of the Irish, flat and square—the English, short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small. A foot should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the individual. It should have a delicate spring to it, as if it did not quite belong to the earth, and touching it daintily, if not disdainfully. The ankle should express tenderness, should be round and firm, and not too small.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND FOLLY.

A lady of Newark, New Jersey, stopped into Tiffany and Young's large silver-ware establishment, in New York the other day, and asked to see some bridal presents. She was asked whether she wished to purchase or hire, and was rather nettled at the latter proposition, until she was informed that the establishment let out a fine display of 'presents,' for a reasonable amount. She was astonished to understand that many of the tempting displays made in the mansions of folly as presents from friends to the bride, had been hired for the occasion.

And this is but a sample of that hollow thing denominated fashionable life, which surrenders itself up to desires which cannot be gratified, thus making life a contrast between mean penuriousness and lavish display. We sometimes enter the saloons of gilded folly, with a sensation of wonder at the gorgeous mirrors, and dazzling lights, the magnificent dresses, and luxurious entertainments; but it passes away in a moment, when we reflect that, in the great majority of cases, the whole is borrowed for the occasion. Tomorrow the walls will be stripped of those rare pictures, the statuary will go back to the dealer, and the silver plate will return to Tiffany and Young, and the family will pluck themselves for a twelvemonth to provide means for another entertainment.

Every not these who, year after year, pass their life in this manner, useless to themselves and to the world around them. Better far the humble home, where each day kinder and gentler thoughts spring up, where age receives its proper respect, where love, with willing hand, renders lighter the duties of existence, and where competency surrounds itself with the comforts and elegancies of life. There what we possess is real and not fictitious. There we live within the range of integrity, and take no part in that career of folly and deceit, the end of which is bitterness and suffering. Let us check the first promptings of that false desire which would lead us to abandon the real and, for purposes of display, put on the tinsel and borrowed ornaments which must lower the self-respect of any among us. Let us then hope at least, that in this city no borrowed bridal gifts may be displayed with ostentatious pride.—*Newark (N.J.) Mercury.*

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

In 1784, in Redruth, England, as a worthy pastor was returning from a visit to his flock, late in the twilight, he saw before him a strange nondescript, as large as a black ram, with eyes flashing fire, and breathing very hard, running furiously towards his abode. Providentially he sprang aside, and before his assailant could turn upon him, he had run such a distance as gave hope of deliverance, when he came full butt against a man running in the opposite direction.

"Run for your life! back! back!" cries the person.

"Have you seen my steamer?" asked the stranger.

"I've seen the evil spirit himself! run, run!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the stranger, "how far ahead is he?"

The tone of this question, and the company of a human creature, in some measure dispelled the fright of the faithful man, and assured him, that he if any one, should have courage to face the powers of darkness; so he turned and ran after the stranger, who, as he thought, by mistake, had taken the wrong direction. They soon came up to the object of their pursuit, which had got into a ditch, and was roaring terrifically. To the astonishment of the person, the stranger seized and dragged the fiery monster to the road.

"She got away from me, sir. I was giving her a try; the bit of road being good for a run."

"Oh, goodness! well, she is yours, then! Pray, what is she?"

"A steamer, sir, I call her. She is a little experiment of mine, got up to try whether Mr. Watt's idea of running coaches by steam can be carried out. I think it can, if capital can be got for it."

"Indeed, indeed! Pray, my dear sir, who may you be?"

"I am William Murdoch, at your service; a mechanical engineer, superintending the

erection of pumping engines for Boulton & Watt, in the mines hereabouts.

Great was the relief and satisfaction of the worthy person on discovering what he imagined to be something broke loose from an unsafe place, was but a bit of honest man-craft; a fanatic conceit it might be, but harmless except when it ran away; and might frighten children, perhaps hurt them.

This miniature engine was the first embodiment of the idea of locomotion on the roads by steam.—*Railroad Advertiser.*

THE WIND.

A truly mysterious agent is the wind, viewless itself, yet having an eye withal toward which if one finds himself moving he will be sure to feel its force if he does not see its form. It is strong and also, beating down opposition with relentless strength.—Its voice is terrible sometimes, and sometimes softer than a flute. Now it has the plaint of an æolian harp; then life like whistles loud and clear. It sobs among the pine cones, rustles in the desert's summer leaves, and rattles in beech branches and falling foliage of the autumn. Almost noiselessly does this invisible tenant of the space above us seem to creep, though in fact unseen, along the waving grass and corn, which bend in reverence as it passes.

The wind has been said already to have an eye. It has breath too, now snatching in the sirocco or simoon, now cutting down men with the north and prostrating in the hurricane. Generally it may be inferred that it possesses a good character. The common saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good implies that usually it is a good creature enough. It blows our vessels to pieces sometimes; indeed, but then how many more does it blow, with their rich freight of men and merchandise, across the oceans? Winds derive their character as men do from the country of their origin.—Those from the land of bears are apt to be savage in their attacks as the white bears of the pole, while those from the tropics softly kiss our cheeks and woo us to repose.

It makes itself useful in a thousand ways, one of which is turning mills and powerfully helping all sorts of manufactures. As an entertainer it is unrivalled. How suddenly it brings up the thunder shower; how beautifully it floats along the sky the billowy cloud. It causes the hail or rain-drop to pester against the window; and, if you are a good-for-nothing sloven or slattern in your housekeeping, it will send the snow or water through the broken pane or dilapidated roof. While fishing in the lake or lying under a shady tree upon its banks, the wind is ever ready to amuse us. Now it stirs up myriads of ripples, nowing after one another over its surface, and now it fans the loungee with the big feathers of the chestnut above his head.

It is not always, however, that it appears as master of the ovals. In the character of avenger it now and then rushes upon the stage and make its audience tremble.—Wide forests are instantly laid low by its irresistible yet visible arm; dwellings are torn asunder and crushed beneath its weight; men and animals are lifted up and whirled about like swallows in a winter's storm.—So it is on the land.

At sea its power is terrific. The ocean is lashed into white mountains. Earth and the heavens meet and mingle together in night and chaos. The elements put forth their voices, he above all their horrible thunder the whirlwinds triumphant and uttering its trumpet summons to the universal shrieks. Over a other sounds the blast of the invisible hand; and that power which is the cause of the boiling of the deep, the agony of the sinking ship, yet is itself forever unseen.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

AN APPALING EXPERIMENT WITH AN IDIOT.—Dr. Elliot relates that an idiot at Salzburg, appearing to be singularly insusceptible of fear, an experiment of an appalling character and appalling consequences, was made upon him as a means of putting his susceptibility to a test. It was proposed to produce in him the impression that he was with a dead man some to life. A person, accordingly, laid himself out as a corpse, and enveloped in a shroud, and the idiot was ordered to walk over the dead. The idiot perceiving some motion in the corpse, desired it to be still; but the pretended corpse raising itself in spite of this admonition, the idiot seized a hatchet, which unluckily, was with in his reach and cut off first one of the feet of the unfortunate counterfeiter, and then unmoved by his cries, cut off his head. He then calmly resumed his station by the real corpse.

THE WILFUL CAPTAIN.

OR PRIDE AND DESTRUCTION.

"Shall you anchor off"—Point, Captain?" asked a passenger.

"I mean to be in the dock with the morning tide," was the captain's brief reply.

"I thought perhaps you would telegraph for a pilot," returned the passenger.

"I am my own pilot, sir," and the captain whistled contemptuously.

"He's in one of his daring humors; and I'll bet anything you like, that he takes the narrow channel," quietly remarked a sailor, as he passed to execute some order.

"Is it dangerous?" asked the same passenger, uneasily.

"Very, in a gale; and there's one coming or I'm no sailor," replied the man, "but if any man can do it, it's himself. Only he might boast once too often, you know."

Evening came, and the gale was becoming what the sailors call "pretty stiff," when the mate touched his arm, arousing him from a pleasant reverie in which smiling welcome home held prominent place.

"We are going in by the narrow channel, sir," said he, "and with the wind increasing, we may be dashed to pieces on the sand-bank. It is foolhardiness, to say the least. Cannot you passengers compel him to take the safer course?"

I felt alarmed, and hastily communicated with two or three gentlemen; and proceeding together to the Captain, we respectfully urged our wishes, and promised to represent any delay caused by the alteration of his course as a concession to our anxious apprehensions.

But as I anticipated, he was immovable.

"We shall be in dock to-morrow morning, gentlemen," said he. "There is no danger whatever. Go to sleep as usual, and I'll engage to awake you with a land salute."

Then he laughed at our cowardice, took offence at our presumption, and finally, swore that he would do as he chose; that his life was as valuable as ours, and he would not be dictated by a set of cowardly landmen.

We retired, but not to rest; and in half an hour the mate again approached, saying, "We are in for it now; and if the gale increases, we shall have work to do that we did not expect."

Night advanced, cold and cheerless. The few who were apprehensive of danger remained on deck, holding on by the ropes to keep themselves from being washed overboard.—The Captain came up equipped for night duty; and his hoarse shout in the face of commands was with difficulty heard in the wild confusion of the elements; but he stood calm and self-possessed, sometimes sneering at our folly, and apparently enjoying himself extremely, surrounded by flapping sails, groaning timbers, and the ceaseless roar of wind and wave. We wished we were able to sympathize in such amusement, but we supposed it must be peculiar to himself, and endeavored to take courage from his fearless demeanor. But presently there arose a cry of "Breakers ahead." The captain flew to the wheel; the sails were struck; but the winds had the mastery now, and the captain found a will that could defy his own.

"Boats, make ready!" was the next hurried cry, but, as too often occurs in the moment of danger, the ropes and chains were so entangled that some delay followed the attempt to lower them; and, in the meantime, the passengers from below came rushing on deck in terror, amidst crashing timbers and entangled rigging; then came the thrilling shock which gave warning that we had touched the bank; and the next was the fatal plunge that struck the foreship deep into the sand, and left us to be shattered there, at the wild wave's pleasure!

It is needless to dwell upon the terrors of that fearful night. I was among the few who contrived to manage the only boat which survived; and scarcely had I landed with the morning light, surrounded by bodies of the dead and fragments of the wreck borne in by the rising tide, ere I recognized the lifeless body of our wilful, self-confident Captain.

He was like one of those who, on the voyage of life, refuse counsel and despise instruction, who practically recognise no aid but their own, who are wise in their own conceits, satisfied with their own judgment, and trust in their own hearts; and, if left to be filled with their own ways, must make frightful shipwreck just where they suppose themselves sure of port. And as the misadventure was accompanied in eternity by those whose lives he had endangered and destroyed, so no man lives or dies unto himself, but bears with him, when all self-deceptions end, the aggravated guilt of others ruin, through the influence of his evil precept and example.—*Tract Magazine.*

A DAY NOT QUITE FORGOTTEN.

A DAY NOT QUITE FORGOTTEN.

"Gentle with equal stride,
Knocks at the gate of poverty and pride."
It is but a natural and suitable desire which
we feel for ourselves and our friends, that we

CURIOSITIES OF THE PRESS.—Those who have occasion to correct "proof," find abundant food for merriment in the queer blunders of the compositor. Not infrequently these errors escape the proof-reader and get out to the public eye. Sometimes they are serious, often only amusing. For example, the Independent, the other day made a correspondent speak of the remnants of a certain party as "peeled and browned," instead of "battered." The printed form was eminently suggestive of hot potatoes, and the further possibility that the party might be swallowed. In the Evangelist of last week we read that "beauty devoid of grace is a mere *beast* (hook!) without the *but*." In our last week's issue, we were made to say *quo modo* instead of *modo*. If pretty clear that the devil does not read and Latin.

A ROYAL NICKNAME.—The Prince of Wales, Queen Vic's oldest boy, it is said, is called by his sister, on account of his peremptory manner, "Mister Upper Crust."

NATIVE STOCK.—There is a coming little black Bear and a little Deer, quite tame, on the Show Ground.

☞ THE DRY GOODS DEALERS intend to close their stores during the coming winter at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M.

